



JOCKEY.

A New Song.

Sung in the Public Gardens.

Liddle is gang'd far away o'er the water,
While in furrow behind I am forc'd to
remain,
Blue bells and violets the hedges adorn,
Flowers are in blossom and sweet blows the
Thorn.
Gallies they give me, in vain they look gay,
Nothing can please me, now Jockey's away,
I set singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, my dear Jockey; haste, haste, my
dear Jockey,
Haste, my dear Jockey to me back again.

And the lasses and their lasses are on the green-meat,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they
jest,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
Not without envy their merriment see.
The pastimes offend me, my shepherds not
there,
For pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
Makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
Haste, my dear Jockey, I wish my dear Jockey,
Haste, my dear Jockey return'd back again.

My hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promised he would in a fortnight be here,
And expectation, my wishes I'll least,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste:
I'll farwel each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
I'll then be so blest or so happy as I,
Sing a'er the meadows and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns, when Jockey returns,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

